American Legends

Ghost Stories

and

Witchcrafts.

By

Gabriel Furman.

Spirits

"walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

Brooklyn, L. Island.

1825.

No

Daemon Ships.

In Europe there has long been many nau=
=tical superstitions concerning these fantastic
vessels - The most famous of which is called
by the sailors the "Flying Dutchman", and is
supposed to be seen about the latitude of the
Cape of Good Hope. She is distinguished from
all earthly vessels by bearing a press of sail
when all others are unable to show an inch
of canvass on account of the stress of weather.
The account of her wandering is said to be,
she was originally a vessel loaded with great
wealth, on board of which some horrid act
of murder and piracy had been committed;
that the plague broke out among the wicked
crew, who had perpetrated the crime, and
that they sailed in vain from port to port, of=
=fering, as the price of shelter, the whole of their
ill-gotten wealth; that they were excluded
from every harbour, for fear of the contagion
which was devouring them, and that, as a
punishment of their crimes, the apparition
of the ship still continues to haunt those

seas in which the catastrophe took place, and is considered by the mariners as the worst of all possible omens.

Dr John Leyden has introduced this phe=nomenon into his scenes of infancy, imputing with poetical ingenuity, the dreadful judg=ment to the first ship which commenced the slave trade!

Stout was the ship from Benin's palmy shore,
That first the freight of bartered captives bore;
Bedimmed with blood, the sun with shrinking beams
Beheld her bounding o'er the ocean's streams
But ere the moon her silver horns had reared,
Amid the crew the speckled plague appeared.
Faint and despairing on their watery bier,
To every friendly shore the sailors steer;
Repelled from port to port, they sue in vain,
And track with slow unsteady sail the main,
Where ne'er the bright and buoyant wave is seen
To streak with wandering foam the sea weeds green,
Towers the tall mast, a lone and leafless tree,
Till self-impelled amid the waveless sea;
Where summer breezes ne'er were heard to sing,
Nor hovering snow birds spread the downy wing,
Fixed as a rock amid the boundless plain,
The yellow stream pollutes the stagnant main,
Till far through night the funeral flames aspire,
As the red lightning smites the ghastly pire.

Still doomed by fate on weltering billows rolled,
Along the deep their restless course to hold,
Scenting the storm the shadowy sailors guide
The prow with sails opposed to wind and tide:
The spectre ship, in livid glimpsing light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch of night,
Unblest of God and man! - Till time shall end,
Its view strange horror to the storm shall lend.

These spectre ships have not been confined to the "old countries" exclusively, but America has her share of superstitions respecting them. Josselyn in his New England History tells of "a shallop at sea manned with women - and of a ship and great red horse standing by the main mast; the ship being in a small cove to the eastward vanished of a sudden". These phantom ships always sailed in the eye of the wind; or ploughed their way with great velocity, making the smooth sea foam before their bows, when not a breath of air was stirring.

Our gifted countryman Washington Irving has taken advantage of these superstitious legends and written the following beautiful little story of the

Storm Ship.

In the golden age of the province of the New Neth

-erlands, when it was under the sway of Wouter Van Twiller, otherwise called the Doubter, the people of the Manhattoes were alarmed one sultry after-noon, just about the time of the summer solstice, by a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. The rain descended in such torrents as absolutely to spatter up and smoke along the ground. It seemed as if the thunder rattled and rolled over the very roofs of the houses; the lightning was seen to play about the church of St. Nicholas, and to strive three times, in vain, to strike its weathercock. Garret Van Horne's new chimney was split almost from top to bottom; and Doffue Mildeberger was struck speechless from his bald-faced mare, just as he was riding into town. In a word, it was one of those unpar-alleled storms, that only happen once within the memory of that venerable personage, known in all towns by the appellation of the "oldest inhabitant."

Great was the terror of the good old women of the Manhattoes. They gathered their children together, and took refuge in the cellars; after having hung a shoe on the iron point of every bed post, lest it should attract the lightning. At length the storm abated; the thunder sunk

into a growl, and the setting sun breaking from under the fringed clouds, made the broad bosom of the bay to gleam like a sea of molten gold.

The word was given from the fort that a ship was standing up the bay. It passed from mouth to mouth, and street to street, and soon put the little capital in a bustle. The arrival of a ship, in those early times of the settlement, was an event of vast importance to the inhabitants. It brought them news from the old world, from the land of their birth, from which they were so completely severed: to the yearly ship, too, they looked for their supply of luxuries, of finery, of comforts, and almost of necessaries. The good vrouw could not have her new cap nor new gown until the arrival of the ship; the artist waited for it for his tools, the burgomaster for his pipe and his supply of Hollands, the school boy for his tops and marbles, and the lordly landholder for the bricks with which he was to build his new mansion. Thus every one, rich and poor, great and small, looked out for the arrival of the ship. It was the great yearly event of the town of New Amsterdam; and from one end of the year to the other, the ship — the ship — the ship — was the continual

topic of conversation.

The news from the fort, therefore, brought all the populace down to the battery, to behold the wished-for sight. It was not exactly the time when she had been expected to arrive, and the circumstance was a matter of some speculation. Many were the groupes collected about the battery. Here and there might be seen a burgomaster, of slow and pompous gravity, giving his opinion with great confidence to a crowd of old women and idle boys. At another place was a knot of old weather-beaten fellows, who had been seamen or fisher-men in their times, and were great authorities on such occasions; these gave different opinions and caused great disputes among their several adherents: but the man most looked up to, and followed and watched by the crowd, was Hans Van Pelt, an old Dutch sea captain retired from service, the nautical oracle of the place. He reconnoitred the ship through an ancient teles-cope, covered with tarry canvass, hummed a Dutch tune to himself, and said nothing. A hum, however, from Hans Van Pelt, had always more weight with the public than a speech from another man.

In the mean time the ship became more

distinct to the naked eye: she was a stout, round, Dutch built vessel, with high bow and poop, and bearing Dutch colours. The evening sun gilded her bellying canvass, as she came riding over the long waving billows. The sentinel who had given notice of her ap=proach, declared, that he first got sight of her when she was in the centre of the bay; and that she broke suddenly on his sight, just as if she had come out of the bosom of the black thunder cloud. The bystanders looked at Hans Van Pelt, to see what he would say to this report: Hans Van Pelt screwed his mouth closer together, and said nothing; upon which some shook their heads, and others shrugged their shoulders.

The ship was now repeatedly hailed, but made no reply, and passing by the fort, stood on up the Hudson. A gun was brought to bear on her, and with some difficulty, load=ed and fired by Hans Van Pelt, the garrison not being expert in artillery. The shot seemed absolutely to pass through the ship, and to skip along the water on the other side, but no notice was taken of it! What was strange,

she had all her sails set and sailed right against wind and tide, which were both down the river. Upon this Hans Van Pelt, who was likewise harbour master, ordered his boat, and set off to board her; but after rowing two or three hours, he returned without success. Sometimes he would get within one or two hundred yards of her, and then, in a twinkling, she would be half a mile off. Some said it was because his oarsmen, who were rather pursy and short-winded, stopped every now and then to take breath, and spit upon their hands; but this it is probable was a mere scandal. He got near enough, however, to see the crew, who were all dressed in the Dutch style, the officers in doublets and high hats and feathers: not a word was spoken by any one on board; they stood as motionless as so many statues, and the ship seemed as if left to her own government. Thus she kept on, away up the river, lessening and lessening in the evening sunshine, until she faded from sight, like a little white cloud melting away in the summer sky.

The appearance of this ship threw the governor into one of the deepest doubts that ever beset him in the whole course of his administration. Fears were entertained for the security of the infant settlements on the river, lest this might be an enemy's ship in disguise, sent to take possession. The governor called together his council repeatedly, to assist him with their conjectures. He sat in his chair of state, built of timber from the sacred forest of the Hague, and smoking his long jasmin pipe, and listened to all his counsellors had to say on a subject about which they knew nothing; but in spite of all the conjecturing of the sagest and oldest heads, the governor still continued to doubt.

Messengers were despatched to different places on the river; but they returned without any tidings – the ship had made no port. Day after day, and week after week, elapsed, but she never returned down the Hudson. As, however, the council seemed solicitous about intelligence, they had it in abundance. The captains of the sloops seldom arrived without bringing some report of having seen the strange ship at different parts of the river; sometimes near

the Pallisades, sometimes off Croton point, and sometimes in the highlands; but she never was reported as having been seen above the highlands. The crews of the sloops, it is true, generally differed among themselves in their accounts of these appari=tions; but that may have arisen from the uncertain situations in which they saw her. Sometimes it was by the flashes of the thunder storm lighting up a pitchy night, and giving glimpses of her careering across Tappaan Zee, or the wide waste of Haverstraw Bay. At one moment she would appear close upon them, as if likely to run them down, and would throw them into great bustle and alarm; but the next flash would show her far off, always sailing against wind. Sometimes in quiet moonlight nights, she would be seen under some high bluff of the highlands, all in deep shadow, excepting her topsails glittering in the moonbeams; by the time, however, that the voyagers would reach the place, there would be no ship to be seen; and when they had past on for some distance, and looked back, behold! there she was again, with her topsails in the moonshine!

Her appearance was always just after, or just be-fore, or just in the midst of unruly weather; and she was known by all the skippers and voyagers of the Hudson by the name of "the storm ship".

These reports perplexed the governor and his coun-cil more than ever; and it would be endless to repeat the conjectures and opinions that were uttered on the subject. Some quoted cases in point, of ships seen off the coast of New England, navigated by witches and goblins. Old Hans Van Pelt, who had been more than once to the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, insisted that this must be the Flying Dutchman which had so long haunted Table bay; but being unable to make port, had now sought another harbour. Others suggested, that, if it really was a supernatural apparition, as there was every natural reason to believe, it might be Hendrick Hudson, and his crew of the Half moon; who, it was well known, had once run aground in the upper part of the river, in seeking a Northwest passage to China. This opinion had very little weight with the governor, but it passed current out of doors; for indeed it

had already been reported, that Hendrick Hudson and his crew haunted the Kaatskill Mountains; and it appeared very reasonable to suppose, that his ship might infest the river where the enterprise was baffled, or that it might bear the shadowy crew to their periodical revels in the mountain.

Other events occurred to occupy the thoughts and doubts of the sage Wouter and his council; and the storm ship ceased to be a subject of deliberation at the board. It continued, however, to be a mat=ter of popular belief and marvellous anecdote through the whole of the Dutch government, and particularly just before the capture of New Amsterdam, and the subjugation of the province by the English squadron. About that time the storm ship was repeatedly seen in the Tap=paan Zee, and about Weehawk, and even as far down as Hoboken; and her appearance was supposed to be ominous of the approaching squall in public affairs, and the downfall of the Dutch domination.

Since that time we have no authentic ac=counts of her; though it is said she still haunts the highlands and cruizes about Point-no-point. People who live along the river, insist that they

sometimes see her in summer moonlight; and that in a deep still midnight they have heard the chaunt of her crew, as if heaving the lead; but sights and sounds are so deceptive along the mountainous shores and about the wide bays and long reaches of this great river, that I confess I have very strong doubts upon the subject.

It is certain, nevertheless, that strange things have been seen in these highlands in storms, which are considered as connected with the old story of the ship. The captains of the river craft talk of a little bulbous bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking trumpet in his hand, which they say keeps about the Dunderberg.* They declare that they have heard him in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets; tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing

* i.e. the "Thunder Mountain"; so called from its echoes.

a thousand gambols in the air; or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Antony's nose; and that, at such times, the hurry scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Dunderberg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, yet she laboured dreadfully, until the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast head, which was known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Dunderberg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard. She seemed in continual danger either of upsetting or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the highlands, until she had passed Pollopol's island, where it is said the jurisdiction of the Dunderberg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little

hat, all at once, spun up into the air like a top; whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Dunderberg; while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast; a wise precaution against evil spirits, which has since been adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ousle-sticker, of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall he saw him seated astride the bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Antony's nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Gieson, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sung the hymn of St Nicholas; whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, and carrying away with him the "night cap of the Dominie's wife;

which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off! after several events of this kind had taken place, the regular skippers of the river, for a long time, did not venture to pass the Dunderberg, without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the mountain; and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect were suffered to pass unmolested.

The following air ship story was written by the celebrated Dr. Mather the champion of New England witchcraft.

In 1646, the people of Newhaven fitted out a ship, and sent her richly laden for England, to procure a patent for the Colony, and a charter for the city. After the ship had been at sea some weeks, there happened in New England a violent storm, which induced the people of Newhaven to fast and pray, to inquire of the Lord whether their ship was in that storm, or not. This was a real fast; for the people neither eat nor drank from sunrise

till sunset. At five o'clock in the afternoon, they came out of meeting, walking softly, heavily, and sadly, homewards. On a sudden, the air ~~[illegible]~~ thundered, and the lightnings shone abroad. They looked up towards the heavens, when they beheld their ship under full sail, and the sailors steering her from west to east. She came over the meeting where they had fasted and prayed, and then was met by an euroclydon, which rent the sails, and overset the ship – in a few moments she fell down near the weather-cock on the steeple, and instantly vanished! The people all returned to the meeting, where the minister gave thanks to God, for answering the desires of his servants, and for giving them an infallible token of the loss of their ship and charter –

The following incident happened some what nearer our own times, and was calculated in some degree to awaken those latent superstitions respecting phantom ships. The cause of the ship being stranded and deserted in the manner hereafter nar-

=rated has never, to the best of my knowledge, been accounted for. The story is designated

The Crewless Bark.

About fifty years ago, the inhabitants of the island of Rhode Island had their attention attracted by the appearance of a square rigged vessel, under full sail, coming in from sea, from a southeasterly direction, with the apparent intention of putting into Nar=ragansett Bay. The vessel was seen early in the morning at a great distance. As she came near to the island about 11, a.m. a number of inhabitants collected on the shore to ascertain her name and character. But instead of making a good harbour, the vessel came under full sail directly on shore. No persons were on deck, nor had any per=sons from the time she hove in sight been seen to leave her. Some of the inhabitants from the shore went immediately on board; when to their great surprise and astonishment, they found a tea kettle over the fire in

the cabin, the fire burning, the table set for breakfast, as if for a number of hands, and yet not one of the crew on board; nor was one soul of them ever after heard of. No living creature was found in the vessel, except a slut and her litter of puppies. The boat of the vessel was missing. The truth of the above story cannot, with propriety, be doubted. The writer of this had his information from a gentle=man who had the particulars of the history of a Mr. Lawton, a man of unquestionable ve=racity, who (being then a boy) saw the vessel come in, and went on board of her. Mr Lawton lives on the island. Other per=sons also testify the same thing. The place, moreover, where the vessel was run aground, has from this circumstance ever since been called the Wreck. The vessel belonged to owners in Newport. The Papers and writings were found in regular order.

New Brunswick Times.

The following stanzas were founded on the above singular circumstance.

How gay before the morning breeze,
The gallant vessel breasts the foam;
From wandering over distant seas,
How proudly she approaches home.

The rising sun has tipp'd her shrouds,
Far, far beyond the azure bay;
And all her swelling canvass crowds
To urge her on her destin'd way.

She seems, at first, a feather hung
Upon the red horizon's verge,
Or like a distant sea fowl flung
Along the undulating surge.

But as she wanders calmly on,
And nearer hails the morning beam,
She glows like some majestic swan
Gliding in beauty o'er the stream.

Well - well she speeds - the gallant bark!
She hastens up the channel now;
Her sails shine gloriously - and hark!
How the waves murmur round her prow!

Nearer and nearer - on she rides.
So grand, so gaily, and so fair,

That, as she treads along the tides,
 She almost seems a form of air.

But whither goes she now – before
 The breeze, direct still flying on,
See, See – she hastens to ~~the~~ shore,
 She strands, she strands; why was this done?

× × × × × × × × × ×

The vessel seems in goodly plight,
 Her cabin fire burns bright and clear,
And all ~~that~~ meets the wondering sight,
 Offers a trace of festive cheer.

But no one now her action guides,
 Or leades her o'er the yielding wave;
And, where was recent life, resides
 The desolation of the grave.

And where is all that noble crew,
 For whom this feast so late was spread;
Who formed this little world a few
 Short hours ago – where are they fled?

Alas! alas! for them – perhaps
 Some blast of death has swept them by,
And now the ~~th~~ weltering billow wraps
 Their forms in ocean's cemetry –

Perhaps their little boat has run
On some wild errand on the wave,
And faithless, ere its task was done,
Consign'd them to one common grave.

Perhaps some cause unknown might urge
Their sudden parting – and have made
That bark less welcome than the surge
Which round its prow in murmers play'd.

Perhaps – but ah! no tongue remains
To tell their sad mysterious lot;
And all of them, that Fate retains,
Is that they were, and now are not.

Philadelphia, August, 1819. Montaldo.

While speaking of nautical superstitions, I may as well state one sometimes practis=ed by the North or Hudson River skippers. When they are becalmed, or the wind is ahead, they say, by scratching three times on the side of the mast opposite the quarter from which they wish the wind to blow, they will soon after experience

a breeze from that direction. In 1817 on a voyage up that river, I was told a story of one of those navigators, who having scratched his mast too often, the wind blew so heavy as to carry it away."

I shall conclude this article under the head of "Daemon ships", by an account of the shipwreck of the Whido, in 1717, written by the Rev. Timothy Alden.

One of the most remarkable shipwrecks on Cape Cod in former times, was that of the Whido, carrying 23 guns and 130 men, commanded by Samuel Bellamy, a noted pirate. This happened on the 26th of April 1717, on the outer shore of Wellfleet. Bellamy had taken a number of vessels on the coast. Seven of his men were put on board of one of these, who soon became intoxicated, went into a sound sleep, and when they awoke found themselves very unexpectedly in Cape Cod harbour. Five of them escaped from the master of the vessel who brought them in, and Captain Cyprian Southack, by

order of the government of Massachusetts, was sent in search of them. The Whido soon after, was overtaken by a violent storm and was dashed to pieces near the table land of Wellfleet, when every one, except two, perished in the waves.

Captain Southack arrived at Wellfleet just after the sea had forced its way across the cape and made such a channel that he passed through in a whale boat! This channel was soon closed, and has ever since been kept so, by the attention of the inhabitants, or it is probable twenty or thirty miles of the extremity of this wonderful arm of land would long before this time, have been washed away. Captain Southack found and buried the bodies of 102 pirates, which after the storm lay along the shore. Of those captured, six were tried by a special Court of Admiralty, convicted, condemned and executed at Boston.

From the clearness of the water and the whiteness of the sandy bottom, objects are to be seen from a great depth in the region where Bellamy's crew perished. Even to this day, the great caboose of the Whido is sometimes discovered, as the loose sand in which it is imbedded,

is shifted from place to place by the agitations of the sea.

Some of the coppers made in the reign of William and Mary, and specimens of cob dollars, belonging to the pirate ship, are occasionally still found on the beach.

For many years after this shipwreck, a man of a very singular and frightful aspect, used every spring and autumn to be seen travelling on the cape, who was supposed to be one of Bellamy's crew. The presumption is that he went to some place where money had been secreted by the pirates to get such a supply as his exigencies required. When he died, many pieces of gold were found in a girdle which he constantly wore. Aged people relate that this man frequently spent the night in private houses, and that whenever the Bible or any religious book was read, or any family devotions performed, he invariably left the room. This is not improbable. It is also stated, that during the night it would seem as if he had in his chamber a legion from the lower world; for much conversation was overheard

which was boisterous, profane, blasphemous, and quarrelsome in the extreme. This is the representation. The probability is, that his sleep was disturbed by a recollection of the murderous scenes in which he had been engaged, and that he involuntarily vented such exclamations as with the aid of an imagination awake to wonders from the invisible regions, gave rise in those days to the current opinion, that his bed chamber was the resort of infernals.

No.

Michael Burn.

Among the numerous islands in Casco Bay, (Maine) there are few indeed which at present contain more than a single dwelling; yet a century ago, the traveller would have been cheered with the mingled hum of business and of pleasure; and could have rested beneath many a hospitable roof, the ruins of which are now scarcely visible. They were formerly inhabited by fishermen but on account of the frequent attacks of Indians, these were abandoned, and being of slight materials soon sunk into decay. Near one of these ruins, not far from Diamond Cove, is the grave of Michael Burn – an occurrence while he lived there should rescue his name from oblivion.

One evening as he sat at the door of his hut, listening to the waves which broke on the rocks which surrounded him, his dog, who

was lying at his feet, suddenly sprang up, and dart=
=ing towards a projecting cliff, plunged into the water.
The fisherman presuming from his earnest manner
that something had attracted his attention, hasten
=ed to the spot from which his animal had leaked,
but the night was too dark to discover either the
dog or the object of his pursuit, and the murmur
of the wave prevented ascertaining even his di=
:rection — Having for sometime awaited his return
in vain, and supposing at last he was in the
fruitless chase of some seals which frequently
made their appearance, he retired. — Scarcely
however had he sought his pillow, when the
well known bark and scratching at the door,
announced not only his return, but anxiety for
his master's presence. He opened the door, the
dog whined, pulled him gently as if wishing him
to follow, and suddenly left him.

Having lighted his lantern he left the hut, the
dog by his barking directing the path; but on ap=
=proaching the shore, judge of his surprise
to find his faithful animal and human being,

to all appearance a corpse. It was evident that the dog had just drawn him from the water, but there was no mark of violence on his person. He opened his waistcoat — the body was yet warm; and filled with the hope of restoring animation, he bore it to his hut. In a short time the stranger gave signs of returning life, and by the next morning he was able to converse with his generous preserver.

You probably recollect, said the stranger of seeing yesterday a vessel near your harbor. In that vessel it was my misfortune to have been a passenger; Heaven grant that the loved being I have left there, has not fallen a victim to perfidy and ingratitude. I am a native of America, but have resided in France, where I acquired a considerable fortune. Desirous of spending my last days in the land of my fathers, I converted my property into specie, and with a young and adored wife embarked in this vessel. — The master and crew I loaded with presents, but this only served to increase their rapacity. I had no fears either for my life or property. Last night their diabolical

plans for the destruction of both, were put into exe=
=cution. I was alone on the quarter deck, when a deep groan causing me to turn, I beheld one of the passengers struck down with an axe as he was ap=
=proaching to join me. The ruffians with horrid yells rushed on to secure a second victim; but, though nearly overpowered by my sensations, I was enabled to reach the taffrel, and dropped into the sea.

The darkness of the night, the presumption that I could not reach land, and above all, the work of death which was still unfinished, prevented pursuit, and I made an effort to float, trusting in Providence for my guide. But what was life? The being for whom I wished to live, was deserted at the moment she most needed my assistance.

The shrieks of the dying broke upon my ear, and I fancied I could hear the voice of my wife implor=
=ing mercy. The thought was agony. — Three times I attempted to gain the ship, but in vain, she was fast receding; at last, regardless of my fate, I murmured at the being that upheld me. I desired

death, and ceased my exertions in order to hasten its approach. From that moment till I revived at your dwelling, reason left me — the humane fisher=man did all he could to comfort the hapless sufferer. The consolations of religion were freely offered, and he taught him submission to the divine will, to Him from whom he had already received such manifold mercies. I have no doubt, he continued, but they soon will land in the vicinity to divide their plunder, and let us indulge in the hope that these outcasts of society will be brought to justice, and you restored to the partner of your bosom.

Animated with this idea, the fisherman rose and approached the window, and as he had antici=pated, the vessel was seen standing in for the shore. Not a moment was to be lost. Raising the stranger in his arms he carried him to his skiff, and row=ing round a steep bluff which screened them from observation, he placed him in a cave retired and secure. He then hasten to some huts at a short distance, informed them of the bloody trans=action of the past night, and conjured them if they

were not destitute of courage and humanity, to aid him in boarding the vessel which was now at anchor. - A small but determined band was imme=diately collected, and under the direction of the fisherman advanced with caution towards his humble dwelling. Providence smiled upon their endeavors. They crept to the brow of a crag beneath which the pirates were seated dividing the money of the stranger, - watching their opportunity they sprang upon them. The confusion of guilt, and above all the intoxicating draught, rendered them an easy conquest, and they were carefully secured to await the punishment due their crimes - The fisherman and his comrades then rowed for the vessel, and tears of joy bedewed his weather beaten cheek on finding that the wife of his guest had escaped uninjured. When he descended into the cabin, she at first seemed unconscious of his approach, so much had her senses been overpowered by the late scenes of horror. When at length she aroused from the stupor in which he had found her,

She informed him that she remained the only survivor of those who had taken passage in the vessel; and O! she exclaimed, that I could share their fate. To me far more welcome the watery grave of my husband than what I hourly ~~expect~~ fear, the embrace of his murderer. For some moments the tears of the fair and disconsolate mourner unmanned our generous fisherman, but at length collecting him=self, he bid her not despair, that the objects of her terror were beyond the power of injury, and that though seperated from one whom she loved, she should never want a protector while he had a single arm to raise in her defence. But he con=tinued, perhaps your husband may be still alive. Some of the passengers have been picked up severely wounded indeed, but not beyond recovery; at last he unfolded to her the happiness that was in store. But with all his caution, nature sunk under the excess of emotion; and he trembled lest all his labors should have been bestowed in vain.— Their joy at meeting no pen can adequately des=cribe. Suffice it to say, that after kneeling to

that Being who had restored them as it were to life, their first care was the welfare of the fisherman. A sum sufficient to render him independent was im=mediately bestowed, and the only return they re=quested was that they might retain the dog who had been so instrumental in producing this joyous meeting - But here the fisherman pleaded in turn. He said that his reward had been greater than his labors deserved or his heart desired. He hoped they would not charge him with ingratitude, but the dog, he said, patting him on the face, had been his only companion during the long and dreary winters he had passed among these rocks - that there was no other living creature whom he could call his friend - and in fine, rather than part with one so faithful, he would return their bounty, prefer=ring his hut, his poverty, and his dog, to wealth and solitude. You shall not part, says the stranger, and I am sorry to have given a moment's pain to a heart so feeling. Take this said she, presenting a large addition to his former donation; and if it be more than sufficient for your own wants I know it will be employed, as all wealth ought to be, in alleviating the distresses of your fellow beings.

=cund whistle of the binders as they followed the reapers, and gathered the harvest – the inno=
=cent and playful laugh of the gleaners as they enjoyed the bounty of the owner of the soil: –
To see for many miles around all the beauty and richness of the ripened grain – the spring=
=ing ~~[illegible]~~ maize – the thick and variegated foliage – the cultivated farm, that wound almost to the summit of the Point:

No.

The Hermit of Shawagunk Mountain.

"No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermits' cell."
Beattie.

Those who have traced the Hudson River — and who are disposed to observe nature with the eye of a philosopher — could not but be struck with astonishment and delight, as they viewed the stupendous and sublime scenery which bursts upon the spectator, while passing through the Highlands and their vicinity. To me it always imparted a feeling of enthusiasm while I gazed upon the summits of that elevated and rugged chain of mountains, which stretch from West Point to Cattskill, and among which I spent the sweet and happy days of childhood. Among the variety of beautiful and picturesque scenes which are scattered — here and there in wild profusion, on those mountainous cliffs — there is one in Shawagunk

mountain, which to me is not surpassed by any in America. It is a peak which juts with elevated and proud superiority, many hundred feet above the highest elevation of any other part of the mountain, and is called High Point. From the summit of this peak, in a clear day, the spectator can behold, with the naked eye, for an astonishing distance, on either side, towns - villages - farm houses, and all the variety of country scenery, scattered at his feet. Having for some years been absent, and feeling a desire to again visit those scenes of my boyish gambols, I some few years ago made an excursion to this part of the country - After visiting my friends in the vicinity, I felt an irresistible curiosity to again take a ramble to the summit of High Point. It was on a clear day, in the month of August, that I fulfilled my intention, and again found myself on the summit of this lofty eminence -

It was harvest time; - and to hear the joyful and merry song of the reapers as they wound their way through the golden fields of grain that glittered in the sunbeam - the jo=

No.

Jeckoyva.

The Indian chief, Jeckoyva, as tradition says, perished alone on the mountain which now bears his name. Night overtook him whilst hunting among the cliffs, and he was not heard of till a long time, when his half decayed corpse was found at the foot of a high rock, over which he must have fallen. Mount Jeckoyva is near the White Hills, in New-Hampshire.

(U. S. Literary Gaz.)

They made the warrior's grave beside
The dashing of his native tide:
And there was mourning in the glen –
The strong wail of a thousand men –
O'er him thus fallen in his pride,
Ere mist of age – or blight or blast
Had o'er his mighty spirit past.

They made the warrior's grave beneath
The bending of the wild elm's wreath,
When the dark hunter's piercing eye
Had found that mountain crest on high,
Where, scattered by the sharp wind's breath,
Beneath the rugged cliff were thrown
The strong belt and the mouldering bone.

Where was the warrior's foot, when first
The red sun on the mountain burst? –
Where – when the sultry noon-time came
On the green vales with scorching flame,
And made the woodlands faint with thirst?
'Twas where the wind is keen and loud,
And the grey eagle breasts the cloud.

Where was the warrior's foot, when night
Veiled in thick clouds the mountain height?
None heard the loud and sudden crash, –
None saw the fallen warrior dash
Down the bare rock so high and white! –
But he that drooped not in the chase
Made on the hills his burial place.

They found him there, when the long day
Of cold desertion passed away;
And traces on that barren cleft
Of struggling hard with death were left –
– Deep marks and foot prints in the clay!
And they have laid his feathery helm
By the dark river and green elm.

No.

The Witch of Champlain.

See in the east the rosy morn
Rebukes our idle stay!
Sound, sound my lads, the signal horn,
Your ponderous engines play.

A fine summer morning, heitltening all the beauties of Champlain, added another stimulus to the merry note of the Captain, as he reminded his crew that the hour of departure had arrived. In the midst of his orders his attention was solicited

by an old woman, whose age and miserable appearance would have excited no other emotion than compassion, had it not been, that from under a bonnet which imperfectly covered her disordered cap and grisly locks, a pair of sunken, but piercing eyes, emitted a glance of such a character as to create a stronger and less amiable feeling. Affecting an air of carelessness, she accosted him with "Well, captain, I am going to St. John's with you, but I shall not pay my passage."

"Indeed old mother," replied he, "we don't take passengers on those terms; that would be but a losing concern, you know"

With a lowering brow and muttering something about "more than he deserved already", she turned round, and was soon lost in the crowd; while the captain, in the bustle of getting under way, forgot both her and her application. The usual confusion prevailed. Some who had lingered to the last moment with their parting friends, had scarce time to bestow their tearful benediction, and in the hurrying cry of "Shore!

shore!" lost the poignant sense of seperation. Others, whose minds, intent only on the commissions with which they had burthened the travellers, vociferated with increased eagerness their injunctions about "Montreal mocasins," "bark work," nun's work," &c. &c. attaching an importance to these trifles, that appeared to be graduated rather by the trouble it should cost to procure them, than by any rare beauty or ingenuity in the articles; while those whom no object but idle curiosity had attracted to the scene, were only interested to secure their retreat. These, as they turned to behold the gay groupe assembled on the deck, occupied themselves with observations on the passengers. "There they go," cried one, "as fine a boat full as the lake ever bore! I am sure the captain's pockets must be well lined if he very often makes such trips as this." "Yes," replied another, with a countenance and tone expressive of no friendly feel=ings to the individual who was the subject of the remark; "yes, you may say so – our schooners had no such good luck. It seems as if the people were mad after these steam boats! If

they only took their share, it would do; but we lads don't get enough to keep us in tobacco; and on the waters of our own lake too! sink 'em!"

As he was thus pouring forth his ineffectual spleen, his neighbour, jogging his arm, said, in a somewhat subdued tone, "I say Sam, do you know that they've a new Engineer aboard, in the place of that York lad? I guess he'll keep the ship's way for them".

Here their voices sunk into indistinct whispers, entirely overpowered by the noisy remarks of two or three Whitehall lasses, who were speculating on a fair lady leaning on the protecting arm of a gentleman.

"What a pretty creature she is," said one; "I wonder who she is!"

"I can tell you," replied one of her companions, with a self complacent and knowing air which revealed the indefatigable chamber maid of the Whitehall hotel; of whom it was the common re=mark that no traveller had ever entered the house, whose name, and lineage, character, profession, and destination, had not been unravelled by

this damsel; "I can tell you; her name is Mrs. Lawrence: she has been married just six weeks, and that's her husband. She was born in Philadel=phia, but she lives in New York. Her husband's father is a great merchant there, and he is rich enough himself to go travelling all over the country. They are going to Montreal, Quebec, &c. &c." and she ran on with a detail minute enough to weary any, but the identical persons who composed her audience; and whose ill concealed envy, of the numerous opportunities of information which she enjoyed in the eligible situation of chamber maid of the Bald Eagle, gave increased zest to the pleasure with which she contemplated that dis=tinguished period of her life.

"And what, Lois," asked a third, "takes that strange old woman on board the boat?"

Lois, who knew instinctively the little arts by which small minds maintain their influ=ence over those still smaller, concealed her real ignorance of the stranger's designs, by shaking her head, and making with her

finger a sign of caution. The girls restrained, though very unwillingly, their stimulated curiosity; for they had learned that whenever Lois shook her head, there was nothing more to be obtained from her; while as she never failed, whatever might be the event, to remind them of the ambiguous gesture; this little artifice, the mere refuge of her ignorance, served to confirm her oracular pretensions.

In the mean time the vessel was pursuing her course through the narrow passage of the lake, strangely denominated the South Bay; and while to the eye of superstition, the smoke that issued from her bowels, the wheels which appeared like immense feet to paw the deep, and the incessant noise of the machinery, would have pictured "a dragon of the wave!" she presented to the intelligent observer one of the noblest triumphs of science. To no one was she more an object of admiration than to Mrs Lawrence, the lady who had so exercised the inquisitorial genius of Lois Hubbell; nor was this lady's taste less gratified as her eye surveyed the

elegant accommodations of the spacious cabin. Delighted with the attainments of American ingenuity, she felt an individual pride in this moving palace, floating on the distant waters of Champlain, which, but a few years since, sustained only the simple canoe of the wild Indian. From the boat itself her mind turned to her fellow travellers, the number and appear=
=ance of whom gave another proof of the ad=
=vance of her country. For though, some like herself, were among those children of affluence, who, in every land, can indulge their taste, and their curiosity, the majority was evidently from that class, which, elsewhere, is seldom released from the drudgery of their shops and their trades, and whose minds, like their bodies, are confined to the little space within which they exercise their several callings. But here every body travels; and though one consequence of this is, that now and then a solitary rem=
=nant of decaying aristocracy is annoyed by the unceremonious approach of those, who, in the days of our colonial etiquette, would not have presumed to pass the outer court, yet a

liberal and benevolent mind must delight in the spectacle of a whole people going forth in quest of knowledge and happiness; unrestrained by any monopolies, either of wealth, rank, or steam boat navigation. On the present occasion, Mrs. Lawrence escaped all annoyance of this nature, except that as she adjusted her hair, after removing her hat, a smartly dressed young woman requested the loan of her comb, for the same purpose; and another seating herself by her side, familiarly took up a book, with which she had provided herself; but on discovering that it was not English returned it, avoiding however, with American shrewdness and self possession, all comment or inquiry, which could make it appear that there was any language with which she was unacquainted.

Mrs. Lawrence having cast a speculative glance at her companions, opened her book, and was soon absorbed in its contents. While thus engaged, she did not perceive that she was, herself, the object of attention. An inquiry as to the hour of the day, in a voice of very peculiar intonation, fell upon her ear; but, un-

=conscious that it was addressed to herself, she con=
=tinued her employment, when the following words,
in the same voice, now tremulous from rising
anger, arrested her attention.

"Are you too proud to reply to my civil question?"

Turning round, she ascertained that they were directed to herself, by a female, who had hitherto been concealed in the corner of the cabin by the drapery of one of the births, which escaping from its confinement, had fallen so as to screen her. Her countenance once seen, was not easily forgotten. Her eyes, where the fire of youth appeared to be supplied with no holy flame, sent forth their scru=
=tiny beneath brows, arched upon a forehead of more than common character; her features were strongly marked, and a powerful intellect still illuminated them; but it was a light that only served to make more visible, the malignant passions inscribed there. Her hair, gray and neglected, strayed on either side of her face, and added nothing reverend to her counten=
=ance. Her stature, not above the middle height, seemed purposely bent and contracted,

as if to add to the singularity of her appearance; for when excited to natural action, erect and vigorous, she appeared to dilate beyond the or=dinary size. He clothing, amidst a general as=pect of poverty, showed some indications of better days; but these were rather betrayed, than displayed; while the wearer seemed studiously to exhibit whatever could render her revolting, and even terrific.

Mrs. Lawrence, who felt alarmed she scarcely knew why, instinctively drew forth her watch to satisfy the enquiry.

"Think you," cried the old woman, "that I need the aid of that glittering bauble to trace for <u>me</u> the march of the sun in the heavens?"

"I thought," answered Mrs. Lawrence, "that you—"

"I did it but to try you," interrupted her angry respondent, "and find, as ever, the fairer the face the fouler the heart! Look at me, vain one," con=tinued she, "Expect you to count as many hours as I have, because your golden trinket can record them? Alike perishable are you both! But that